

THE ASTONISHING ADVENTURES OF THE WHITE WEEVIL

A one-act comedy by
Don Zolidis

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHARLES MONDAY, playing the role of the White Weevil, quite full of himself. A ladies' man.

DERMOTT WILLIAMS, the announcer of the show, a little deranged.

CYNTHIA BAYLESS, the sound effects operator of the show.

TARA MCDERMOTT, plays the role of Helga, the Weather Witch.

JOSEPH BREELING, plays the role of the Junebug Boy, the White Weevil's ward and sidekick. Completely innocent.

MONICA MONDAY, Charles' wife, plays the role of Mrs. Amazing.

LUKE BRANT, plays the role of Goon #1, #2, and #3. And basically every other role.

NINA and LONNA, two singers who provide the voices in the commercial breaks.

WILLIAM BRENTLY, the executive producer.

NATASHA MOORE, the stage manager.

BRENDA BAINES, the new writer.

SETTING

The Radio Studio of KQUU Studios in New York City. 1942.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Astonishing Adventures of the White Weevil premiered at Space Coast Jr./Sr. High School (Jupiter, FL) with the following cast and crew:

CHARLES MONDAY	Ryker Gilmore
MONICA MONDAY	Carly Ebeling
DERMOTT WILLIAMS	Zachary Corbitt
CYNTHIA BAYLESS	Quinn Kelchner
TARA MCDERMOTT	Kayla Elliott
JOSEPH BREELING	Jarrett Webster
LUKE BRANT	Marcello Neris
NINA	Abneris Reyes
LONNA	Nicole Cimino
WILLIAM BRENTLY	Ryan Daniels
NATASHA MOORE	Haley Cannon
BRENDA BAINES	Cassidy Louwerse

Director: April Daniels-Lockaby

Stage Manager: Wyatt Webster

Assistant Stage Manager: Parker Campbell

Light Technician: Jayden Skipper

Sound Technician: Shelby Walker

Stage Hand: Kyle LeChien

Hair and Make-up: Rachel Erickson

(The set of The Astonishing Adventures of the White Weevil.)

(At rise, there are several actors around stand-up microphones. DERMOTT, the announcer, is off to one side. Opposite him is CYNTHIA, set up at a sound effects table. Center stage are CHARLES and JOSEPH. Opposite them are TARA and LUKE. We are towards the end of one episode.)

(The actors, of course, are not in costume. They have little glasses of water with them, perhaps cigars. A bright "On the Air" sign is illuminated.)

(Tara speaks with a heavy German accent.)

JOSEPH: It sure is c-c-c-cold in here, White Weevil.

(Cynthia makes the sound of teeth chattering.)

CHARLES: Fear not lad, the pursuit of justice will keep us warm. I have also installed a layer of rubber not unlike the blubber of a whale into my crime-fighting suit.

JOSEPH: Golly, you think of everything!

CHARLES: And before we bemoan our state, let's remember our fighting forces overseas battling Hitler and Tojo. They face cold times as well.

JOSEPH: They sure do! I plan on enlisting as soon as I turn eighteen!

CHARLES: Good lad. When I think of those brave boys, separated from their mothers, I feel things. But not for long! Come, Junebug Boy, let's put an end to the nefarious schemes of that villainous German vixen! Then we can spend a nice relaxing evening in the sauna together as two red-blooded American males.

TARA: Too late, Vite Veevil!

CHARLES: It's that Teutonic Temptress, the Weather Witch!

TARA: Yes, Vite Veevil. And now I haff you!

CHARLES: You fiend! You are as beautiful as you are misguided.

JOSEPH: What are you waiting for, White Weevil? Let's get her!

CHARLES: I'm afraid I cannot, Junebug Boy. I will not hit a woman.

TARA: Ah ha! You and your veak American folly!

JOSEPH: She's got us on the ropes!

CHARLES: I'm afraid so.

TARA: Eins! Zwei! Drei! Get them!

DERMOTT: And at that very moment, three hulking, brutish goons leapt into the ice cave, each one larger and more sinister than the others.

(Luke uses three different voices.)

LUKE: Ja, ve get you!

I am Zwei!

Ach! Zeitung! Schnell!

JOSEPH: White Weevil! Look out!

(Cynthia starts making punching sounds through all this. Lots of sounds effects.)

CHARLES: Oof!

LUKE: Ja!

CHARLES: Ugggh!

LUKE: Ook! Arrg!

JOSEPH: Aaaaaah! Hiyyaaa!

(Cynthia makes a big smash.)

TARA: Get them! Get that Terrific Twosome!

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CHARLES: I may be too chivalrous to strike a woman, but I'm afraid you Nazi thugs are no ladies! Hi-ya! Quick boy! Toss me that porcupine!

CYNTHIA: *(Trying to sound like a porcupine:)* Aaaryryyya!

CHARLES: I hate to utilize one of nature's oddest creatures this way, but I'm afraid this is quilly necessary!

(Cynthia makes the sound of a flying porcupine striking a goon.)

LUKE: Aaaaah! Nooo! Aaccch!

JOSEPH: Boy howdy! You porc-u-poked them!

CHARLES: Remember, even though we might find these animals disgusting, they are part of nature's bounty. It's our responsibility to return them to the wild once we have overcome evil.

JOSEPH: I'll remember that. Be safe little guy.

CYNTHIA: Wrrrrgg!

TARA: Overcome this, June-slug Boy!

DERMOTT: The wicked Weather Witch raised her weather wand and unleashed a frosty cone of freezing force!

(Cynthia makes the sound of a frosty wand.)

JOSEPH: White Weevil! I'm freezing solid! Help!

CHARLES: I'm afraid, pal, that I'm caught in her icy grip as well!

JOSEPH: We're t-t-turning into p-p-popsicles!

CHARLES: I only hope we're as delicious as Tasty Pops, made by the good people at Post Food Product.

JOSEPH: I s-s-sure would rather eat one of their delectable frozen food products than become one!

CHARLES: It may be too late, Junebug Boy!

(Cynthia makes the sound of something freezing solid.)

TARA: Ha ha ha ha! Vite Veevil and Junebug Boy are mine at last!

DERMOTT: Is this the end for the White Weevil and Junebug Boy?! Will the Weather Witch spread her reign of winter over the rest of America? Find out next time when Post Food Product presents part two of *The Frigid Fracas*, in *The Astonishing Adventures of the White Weevil!*

(Cynthia makes a sound effect.)

(NINA and LONNA sing a jingle.)

NINA & LONNA: FOR A TASTY TREAT THAT'S NOT
NARCOTIC
TRY POST FOOD PRODUCT
YUM.

(The "On the Air" sign goes off.)

(NATASHA enters.)

NATASHA: And we're off.

CHARLES: Great job everyone. I was really feeling that today! So I've got three martinis waiting in my office – which of you lucky ladies is going to join me?

LONNA: Stuff a sock in it, Charles.

CHARLES: I'll put you down as a maybe.

JOSEPH: I can't really join you.

CHARLES: Wasn't asking you to, Joe.

JOSEPH: Oh. Uh well...

CHARLES: That's why I said ladies.

JOSEPH: But there were three –

CHARLES: I feel some responsibility towards you. There comes a time in a man's life when it's incumbent on him to

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seduce as many women as possible. And the best way to do that is with several at a time.

TARA: How's your marriage going?

CHARLES: On the rocks.

TARA: You don't say.

CHARLES: I think my wife looks more and more like Winston Churchill every day. I swear she practices her speeches in front of the mirror before I come home: "I will fight him in the hallway! I will fight him in the living room! I will fight him in the kitchen!"

TARA: I'm gonna go out a limb and say maybe your cheating is the problem.

(MONICA enters, behind him.)

CHARLES: The other day I came home and I thought a bulldog had gotten trapped in our laundry. Then I realized my wife had put on a dress. Ha ha!

MONICA: Hi sweetheart.

CHARLES: Darling! So wonderful for you to surprise me on the set.

(She walks away from him.)

I love bulldogs! They're loyal!

(Natasha storms in, frantic.)

NATASHA: Can I have your attention? Everyone? Everyone please listen! William wants to have a meeting with everyone in ten minutes.

(General hubbub from the cast.)

JOSEPH: What?

WILLIAM: *(Off:)* THREE MINUTES!

NATASHA: Correction: Three minutes. We're going to have a

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late night so do what you need to do—

JOSEPH: What are you talking about, late night?

NATASHA: It will be explained in two and a half minutes. I hope. Probably.

(She exits.)

JOSEPH: I gotta make a phone call.

(Joseph rushes off stage.)

TARA: *(Exiting:)* I can't even get in a decent smoke in three minutes.

CHARLES: Honey? I say things. Things come out of my mouth but they mean nothing!

(Charles chases after Monica.)

(Luke intercepts Charles.)

LUKE: Can I talk to you for a second?

CHARLES: I'm kind of in the middle of—

LUKE: Grand! So—by the way, fantastic work today. Just exquisite. Really powerful stuff.

CHARLES: Thanks, but—

LUKE: So here's what I'm thinking. Next episode, I want to play the main villain. I have him all designed— he's Irish. And his name...is the Tinker.

CHARLES: I don't really write the scripts—

LUKE: Oh no no I know that. I'm just throwing out ideas. I'm an idea man. So the Tinker talks like this:

(Luke has a very thick Irish accent. It's quite good.)

"B'gosh and Begorrah, White Weevil! Now you face your greatest nemesis: The Tinker!" But here's the thing, and this is where this becomes hilarious—I think I'm called the Thinker,

but you think I'm called the Tinker. Because of the accent. Right? Right! It's hilarious. Miscommunication. Because Irish people pronounce a "Th" like a "T," like the number "tree." That's funny, right? They don't talk right!

(Cynthia approaches Monica.)

CHARLES: My whole family is Irish, Luke.

LUKE: That's great! So what do you think?

(Cynthia points at Charles. Monica turns to glare at him.)

CHARLES: I need to go to the bathroom.

LUKE: Me too! We can keep talking!

(Luke follows Charles offstage.)

(Lonna approaches Nina.)

LONNA: Is Joe back yet?

NINA: He's calling his grandmother.

LONNA: That's adorable.

NINA: He told me once that if he's late getting back to the apartment she wanders the streets looking for him.

LONNA: He's twenty-three years old.

NINA: I know. But somehow he's still a baby.

LONNA: You know what? I'm going to make him cry today.

NINA: Don't.

LONNA: No no no—I'm going to make him cry.

NINA: Lonna. He's a sweet man.

LONNA: He's not a man, he's a cream puff with arms and legs.

NINA: Please don't.

(Joseph enters.)

LONNA: How's your grandmother?

JOSEPH: She's a little concerned, but she was only hyperventilating for a minute or so.

LONNA: I think it's so beautiful that you take care of her.

(Lonna gets very close to him)

JOSEPH: Yeah. Well...she raised me, so...

LONNA: She did a good job.

JOSEPH: Thanks.

LONNA: A very...good...job.

(Lonna touches his ear. Joseph quivers in fear.)

I thought about you this morning.

JOSEPH: Um...well...oh...

LONNA: It gets so hot in here under these lights.

(She unbuttons to the top button of her blouse and fans herself.)

JOSEPH: ...does it?

LONNA: You know what I want to do sometime? Maybe if no one's looking?

(Joseph is losing it. Nina rescues him.)

NINA: So Joe, can I ask you a question? Why does Junebug Boy always want to hit the showers? It's a cold shower, right? He wants a cold shower?

(Nina escorts him away from Lonna.)

NATASHA: All right people get out here!

DERMOTT: You don't tell me what to do!

NATASHA: Yes I do! That is my job! I'm the stage manager!

DERMOTT: I don't like your job.

(Charles returns with Luke hot on his tail.)

LUKE: So you're trapped in my pot of gold—it's like a leprechaun thing—what happens? Shamrocks. I'm pouring shamrocks on you. Ooh hoo hoo! That's how the Irish laugh. They laugh like that because they don't know any better—"ooh hoo hoo I got ye now White Weevil! I been tinkering of this fer years!"

(Tara returns.)

TARA: Some break.

(WILLIAM enters.)

CHARLES: Sorry, honey! Got a meeting can't talk! I'll have the meatloaf for dinner, thanks.

WILLIAM: We all here? Good. Have a stinking seat.

(The cast sits. Joseph sits far away from Lonna and Nina.)

TARA: What's this about?

WILLIAM: Big news! We're under a time crunch so I'll keep this brief! We're gonna take the show in a radical new direction. New stuff. You know why? Because our ratings are in the toilet. THE TOILET! AND I DON'T LIKE THAT! So...

NATASHA: Do you want your rage pills?

WILLIAM: Not yet. But if my heart stops, I want you to push 'em down my throat. That usually works. Where was I?

LUKE: The toilet.

WILLIAM: Right. The station's thinking about canning us.

(Hubbub from the cast.)

Shut up. Just shut your mouths! It's not a done deal yet, so don't worry. My brain is on the job.

TARA: Great.

WILLIAM: I got one word for all of youse: Broads.

JOSEPH: I don't care for that word.

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LONNA: I think you're terrorizing Joe.

JOSEPH: I think about broadness and where women are broad – I'm sorry, it's troubling.

WILLIAM: Did we get you out of a convent or something?

CHARLES: What's your idea, Bill? Dancing girls? How are we gonna get dancing girls on the radio? You can't even see them.

DERMOTT: I could describe them. "And as the bouncing ladies gyrated to –"

JOSEPH: Please stop!

WILLIAM: No, not dancing girls. Who listens to our show?

NINA: No one, apparently.

JOSEPH: Kids. Children.

WILLIAM: Mothers. Housewives. Girls. What do they all have in common?

(No one gets what he's driving at.)

They're female.

JOSEPH: I'm uncomfortable with that word.

WILLIAM: We got a show about a grown man and a teenage boy who put on masks and have a special relationship. They hit the showers a lot. There's a lot of camaraderie. All that is, frankly, more than a little weird. So what we're gonna do: We're adding a character. A woman. A woman superhero. A superheroiness, if you will.

CHARLES: What?!

CYNTHIA: I love it, I think that –

CHARLES: Bill, I love you, I respect you, but you are completely nuts. No one is tuning in to this show to hear a woman talk –

NINA: I could play a –

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LUKE: I'll do it!

(They look at Luke.)

I have many voices inside me. No, listen, let's say —

WILLIAM: Not you, idiot!

LUKE: Is she a seductress? I can do that. *(Seductress voice:)* White Weevil, I see you are wearing tights again. They accentuate your muscular buttocks.

JOSEPH: I don't think we can say buttocks on the air.

LONNA: Yes we can. *(Seductively, to Joseph:)* Buttocks.

WILLIAM: Hey! Hey. No buttocks! And Luke — you're not a woman. Get over it.

CHARLES: This is a terrible idea — what if we just had more stories about —

WILLIAM: The time for thinking was yesterday. Now it's time for action. In order to understand female psychological-ness, I've brought in a girl writer.

(Charles laughs.)

CHARLES: Girl writer. Ha ha ha. This keeps getting worse.

CYNTHIA: I write sometimes.

WILLIAM: She's gonna introduce the character and hand you a script for tonight's airing.

TARA: What are you talking about?

WILLIAM: We're taping another show tonight. We gotta get it in the can by eight.

(Uproar from the cast.)

IT'S A SPECIAL! We're covering for Father MacDougal's Prayer Reflection.

TARA: Is he drunk again? I swear, if they find him in a

dumpster in Hoboken one more time...

WILLIAM: He's not in Hoboken—he's fine. He's vacationing in Rikers Island for five to seven years.

DERMOTT: It's not nice there.

WILLIAM: Okay. Anyway, this is Brenda Baines—she's our new writer. Sweetheart, get out here.

(BRENDA enters, very nervous and buttoned-up.)

BRENDA: Hello.

WILLIAM: As you can see, she is quite a woman.

CHARLES: Definitely. My wife went home, didn't she?

TARA: Can it, Charles.

WILLIAM: Let's be respectful, let's listen to her unique female perspective, and let's put on a great show. All right. And if not, remember there's a war on and I can send you away.

DERMOTT: No can do, chief. Not eligible for service. Mentally unfit. I tried to sign up. Put a gun in these hands, I will kill for you. Didn't want to put a gun in my hands. That's why I carry knives.

BRENDA: Thanks. Um... Hello again. As you know, my name is Brenda Baines, and I am here to introduce you to our newest character: Mrs. Amazing. Natasha, could you hand out the scripts please?

NATASHA: Sure, why not? I had these specially made today so I don't want to hear it if you don't like the paper!

(Natasha hands out scripts to the cast.)

BRENDA: Who is Mrs. Amazing? By day she's a mild-mannered housewife, Jessica Barnes. But when trouble arises, she liberates herself and becomes the masked crimefighter, Mrs. Amazing.

CHARLES: Would you say she's beautiful?

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BRENDA: I don't really think her beauty is the point –

CHARLES: Is she wearing hot pants?

TARA: It's radio, Charles.

CHARLES: I need to have a mental picture in my mind! I imagine her in hot pants.

LUKE: I can do a housewife voice.

CHARLES: I don't want to imagine him in hot pants.

BRENDA: ...So...Mrs. Amazing has been exposed to radiation from a meteorite, which has imbued her with incredible strength, agility, and invulnerability. Not only can she lift an entire train over her head, but bullets bounce right off her.

JOSEPH: Actually – um...we don't have superhuman abilities on this show. This isn't *Superman*.

CHARLES: I'm the star of the show. It's called *White Weevil* – it's my show. She can't have more powers than me. That's ridiculous.

NINA: Who's going to play the part?

BRENDA: We already have the actress.

(Monica enters.)

MONICA: Hi there.

CHARLES: Aww no! No no no no no no! Not her!

MONICA: I was Juliet in college, I was Lady Macbeth in –

CHARLES: This is insane! She's no actress!

MONICA: I've been acting our whole marriage!

CHARLES: And it's been BAD!

BRENDA: She gave a terrific audition –

MONICA: I was spectacular –

CHARLES: You're doing things behind my back! Auditioning

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for shows?! That's a betrayal!

TARA: You might want to cool it on the betrayal talk.

CHARLES: I have *tendencies*! Bill – Bill – we're men, we don't need women coming in here –

WILLIAM: It's over! I decided!

CHARLES: This is my show!

WILLIAM: It's my show! And it's gonna be nobody's show if we're canceled! So let's put the stupid broads in and see what they can do!

JOSEPH: Can we please not use that word –

BRENDA: Thank you – for the vote of confidence –

WILLIAM: Let's do this.

NATASHA: Places!

CHARLES: Places?! I haven't even looked at the script!

MONICA: All you do is read it out loud! It's not that hard!

NATASHA: Places!

(Everyone pushes past Charles to get to their places.)

CHARLES: You can't do this, you can't –

NATASHA: And five four three two –

(Music.)

(Charles throws up his hands and gets to his spot.)

CHARLES: *(Not into mic:)* I'm protesting. I hope you know that. I'm protesting.

DERMOTT: *(Overlapping:)* It's time once again for *The Astonishing Adventures of the White Weevil!*

NINA & LONNA: WHITE WEEVIL

HE'S FAST AS A WEASEL AND SHARP AS A NEEDLE

HE'S THE WHITE WEEVIL

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DERMOTT: When last we met, The White Weevil and Junebug Boy were freezing in the wicked lair of the German Jezebel, the Weather Witch!

TARA: Vith Vite Veevil out of ze vay, Hitler vill rule ze vorld!
Ha ha ha ha!

LUKE: (*Playing all three characters with different voices:*) Ho ho
ho ho
Ha ha ha ha
Ve got them now!

TARA: Yes, Zwei.

LUKE: I am Drei. Zwei is my brother.
Ya, I am Zwei. Ve are not all the same.

TARA: Now to activate my veather manipulator—velcome to vinter, America!

DERMOTT: Using her evil fingers, the Weather Witch pushed a large red button on a menacing console!

CYNTHIA: Beep beep beep.
Vrooom Vrooom—

TARA & LUKE: Ah ha ha ha ha!

DERMOTT: Could this be the end? Is there no hope remaining? Will the brave men and women fighting overseas be foiled by a nightmarish reign of winter?! Who can stop them now?! Unbeknownst to the Wicked Weather Witch, the White Weevil was not entirely frozen. He could move one finger.

CHARLES: Must...touch...Weevil...communicator.

(Cynthia makes the sound of a button being clicked.)

CYNTHIA: Boop Boop Boop.

DERMOTT: Far away from the evil Atmospheric Alchemist's lair, the Weevil Communicator started beeping in the modest

kitchen of the one person who could save them. And she was doing...the dishes.

CYNTHIA: (*Making dishwashing sounds.*) Shhhhhh...

DERMOTT: Jessica Barnes. Mild-mannered housewife by day, but this lovely American lady was hiding a powerful secret.

MONICA: I must wash these dishes the best I can, and I can't let my husband know my secret identity.

(Cynthia makes the sound of a door opening.)

LUKE: Darling?

MONICA: Yes, Dear.

LUKE: I've had a tough day at the office. If you don't mind, I'll take my dinner in the study.

MONICA: Of course, Dear.

DERMOTT: But at that very moment, a secret device taped inside her...bustier...reverberated with the distress call of the Terrific Twosome.

CYNTHIA: Beep Beep Beep Beep.

LUKE: What's that, Dear?

MONICA: The chicken is ready!

LUKE: I'll never understand cooking. I just hope it's as delicious and nutritional as your last meal.

MONICA: Oh I hope so! I do so love pleasing you!

DERMOTT: She smiled her dazzling housewife smile, and just as he left the room—

(Cynthia makes the sound of a door shutting.)

MONICA: Oh if only this distress call hadn't come at dinnertime! How am I supposed to prepare a sumptuous meal for my husband, clean the house, and save the day?! It's a good thing I have super speed! I pity the women who don't

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have superpowers! I'll just use my heat vision to cook the chicken—

(Cynthia makes the sound of heat vision.)

My super breath to clean the floors—

(Cynthia makes a wind noise.)

And my super strength to finish the washing!

(Cynthia makes the sound of a dish breaking.)

Whoops!

DERMOTT: Where did these powers come from? How did the mild-mannered Jessica Baines become the strongest person on Earth? Harken unto me, listeners!

CHARLES: *(Not into the microphone:)* She's not really the strongest person on—

DERMOTT: On a frosty March evening just one year past, a strange meteor had hurtled to the Earth, crash-landing in the backyard of an ordinary house in an ordinary American town.

(Cynthia makes the sound of a meteor crashing to Earth.)

MONICA: What was that sound? I'm naturally curious and feminine, and I'll investigate!

CYNTHIA: *(Siren noise:)* Wee oo wee oo we oo.

MONICA: My goodness! I wonder if this is a Japanese plot to invade America?!

DERMOTT: At that very moment, a burst of radiation from the bizarre otherworldly rock struck young Jessica.

MONICA: I feel so strange. So... Odd...

DERMOTT: Instantly rearranging her female molecules—transforming her from a normal woman into a superwoman!

MONICA: I will use these powers to fight injustice, crime, and sexism!

CHARLES: (*Not into microphone:*) She's gonna punch sexism?

DERMOTT: And so she became the beautiful, the powerful, the dazzling...Mrs. Amazing! Don't get any ideas boys, she's married. After delivering a piping hot, delicious well-balanced meal to her husband, she switched into her crime-fighting costume and flew into the air!

LUKE: Thanks, honey!

DERMOTT: But his wife was no longer in the house. Speeding across the Eastern Seaboard, Mrs. Amazing honed in on the tracking device in her...décolletage... Meanwhile, in the frosty lair of that Teutonic Temptress, the Villainous Weather Witch...

TARA: Eins! Zwei! Drei! Fire up the ice generator! Once we freeze the Atlantic solid, American ships will never be able to help their British friends!

LUKE: Ja!

Of course, meine Liebchen!

You got it, boss!

TARA: Zwei!

LUKE: Ja?

TARA: I am not your liebchen.

LUKE: Ja. I got overexcited.

DERMOTT: At that very moment!

(Cynthia makes a crashing sound.)

Using her powerful womanly fists, Mrs. Amazing shattered the outside wall of the Weather Witch's lair.

TARA: Vat is dis!

LUKE: She's beautiful!

MONICA: Don't get any ideas. I'm married.

LUKE: Nooo!

MONICA: Release the White Weevil and the Junebug Boy!

TARA: Never!

MONICA: The White Weevil might be too much of a gentleman to hit a woman, but I don't have the same problem.

TARA: Eins! Zwei! Drei! Get her!

LUKE: Vith pleasure!

Ja, Meine Leibchen!

You got it, Boss!

MONICA: I knew Germans weren't gentlemen.

(Cynthia makes fighting noises.)

DERMOTT: The three brutal goons tried to battle the mesmerizing Mrs. Amazing!

LUKE: Oof!

MONICA: It's going to take more than that, boys!

LUKE: Ja! Uggg!

MONICA: You'll need to punch harder!

LUKE: Ooog! She's too strong!

MONICA: I will have this dance, thank you!

(Cynthia makes the sound of heads being clunked together.)

LUKE: Ve are beaten!

MONICA: Now, Witch, the battle between America and Germany comes down to a struggle between its woman-folk. Who will come out on top? Whose idea of femininity will prevail?

TARA: I get you!

DERMOTT: She raised her weather wand to freeze our heroine!

MONICA: Not this time you Hessian Hussy!

(Cynthia makes a slapping sound.)

TARA: Ah! You slapped me!

MONICA: I'm going to do it again!

(Cynthia makes more slapping sounds.)

TARA: Ah! Ooh! Ouch! Stop it! Ow.

(Cynthia makes the sound of a person hitting the ground.)

MONICA: I'm sure the American authorities would love to put you in a prison camp that still respects your rights as human beings. Now to free the Terrific Twosome.

DERMOTT: Focusing her beautiful green eyes, Mrs. Amazing unleashed two supercharged heating lasers, which melted the blocks of ice trapping our heroes.

CHARLES: Th-th-thank you Mrs. Amazing. You are a credit to your gender.

JOSEPH: I though we were g-g-goners for sure.

MONICA: Not to worry, gentlemen. Now let's see about getting you out of those wet clothes.

(Charles and Joseph are flummoxed. They look at the script.)

CHARLES: *(Not reading from the script:)* Of course we cannot reveal our secret identities.

MONICA: *(Off-script:)* Oh. Certainly.

CHARLES: *(Off-script:)* So we'll leave our masks on.

MONICA: *(Off-script:)* Sometimes I prefer it that way.

JOSEPH: Um...what...uh...

(Charles points to his line in the script.)

Uh... Who are you?

MONICA: Oh silly me. I'm Mrs. Amazing! I fight for peace,

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justice, and equal rights!

JOSEPH: Equal rights? Those sound fantastic!

MONICA: They are. Now who'd like a ride back to the States?

JOSEPH: I'll um...what?

(Joseph is totally flustered. Monica finds his place in the script and points for him to keep going.)

Boy Howdy! You sure are strong? I'd sure like a ride.

MONICA: Of course. Climb aboard me.

(Joseph is doubly horrified.)

(Charles complains soundlessly.)

(Monica points to his line.)

JOSEPH: I've never...ridden a woman before.

MONICA: It's easy. Just hold on tight and I'll do all the work.

(Joseph can't even bring himself to look at the script.)

(He sees the line in the script.)

JOSEPH: I... I... I....

(He cries, tosses the script down and runs off stage.)

DERMOTT: And we'll be right back after this message from Post Food Product!

(Brenda leaps onto the stage, chasing after Joseph.)

BRENDA: Joe! Joe! Come back!

JOSEPH: *(Off, crying:)* I'm uncomfortable with this script!

CHARLES: Who wrote this?! What the heck is going on!

MONICA: I thought everyone did a great job.

(Natasha darts through the stage.)

CHARLES: Are you kidding me?!

NATASHA: (*Hissing:*) We're still on!

(*She points at Lonna and Nina.*)

LONNA & NINA: (*Singing through this:*) POST FOOD PRODUCT

SO GOOD IT'S ALMOST NARCOTIC
YOU'D HAVE TO BE PSYCHOTIC
NOT TO EAT POST FOOD PRODUCT

(*Natasha motions for them to continue singing.*)

POST FOOD PRODUCT
SO GOOD IT'S ALMOST NARCOTIC
YOU'D HAVE TO BE PSYCHOTIC
NOT TO EAT POST FOOD PRODUCT

(*The song ends. Joseph is still not on stage. Natasha motions for them to continue singing again.*)

BRENDA: (*Off:*) It's meant to be saucy!

JOSEPH: (*Off:*) I feel dirty!

LONNA & NINA: (*Continuous:*) POST FOOD PRODUCT
SO GOOD IT'S ALMOST NARCOTIC
YOU'D HAVE TO BE PSYCHOTIC
NOT TO EAT POST FOOD PRODUCT

BRENDA: (*Off:*) Joe! Joe! Come on!

JOSEPH: (*Off:*) I'm a good person! I'm not reading those lines!

WILLIAM: (*Off:*) You wanna lose your job? You want to?

JOSEPH: (*Off:*) I'm not going back in!

(*Sound of a slap.*)

(*Joseph's limp hand falls onto the stage.*)

WILLIAM: (*Off:*) What'd you do that for?

BRENDA: (*Off:*) I thought it would help!

WILLIAM: (*Off:*) Now he's unconscious!

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(Natasha motions for Lonna and Nina to keep going.)

LONNA & NINA: POST FOOD PRODUCT
SO GOOD IT'S ALMOST NARCOTIC
YOU'D HAVE TO BE PSYCHOTIC
NOT TO EAT POST FOOD PRODUCT

(William bursts back on to the stage, grabs Joe's script.)

(Luke steps forward to take it – William hands it to Nina, who tries to protest while singing.)

WILLIAM: *(Hissing:)* Think of something!

(Natasha signals.)

NATASHA: And three, two –

DERMOTT: I hope you enjoyed that musical interlude! I know White Weevil and Junebug Boy did!

CHARLES: Yes, there's nothing I want more when I return to America than to settle in with a delicious bowl or bar of Post Food Product. Right...Junebug Boy?

NINA: *(Deep voice:)* Right, White Weevil. It's healthy and helps me grow into a man.

CHARLES: And you are growing, lad. Soon you'll enter the magical time of puberty.

(Charles looks at the script in disgust.)

When a young man begins to notice the fairer sex. What they have in front and behind.

NINA: *(Deep voice:)* Oh I hope not.

DERMOTT: *(Jumping in, not on script:)* And who should appear at that very moment?

(Everyone is confused.)

It was the White Weevil's newest sidekick, the dashing and lovely...Ladybug Lass!

(Nina points to herself. Is that me?)

LUKE: *(Jumping in:)* Hello White Weevil—

(Dermot gestures that Nina should do it.)

NINA: Oh. Hello White Weevil.

CHARLES: Ladybug Lass! My other ward! Where were you all this time?

NINA: I was um...behind there.

CHARLES: Behind what?

NINA: The door.

(Cynthia makes the sound of a door slamming.)

(Monica is still confused. Where are we?)

(Dermott is still making stuff up.)

DERMOTT: And Junebug Boy agreed to remain behind to continue the fight while the others...kept going.

(Monica sees it in the script. Oh!)

MONICA: Who's up for a ride back to America?

CHARLES: *(Not in the script:)* I think enough people have had rides on you.

MONICA: *(Not in the script:)* That's okay. You can ride by yourself.

NINA: *(Back on script:)* I'll go! Even though I've had enough c-c-old for one day!

CHARLES: Fear not, Ladybug Lass. Our body heat will keep us warm.

(It's a little awkward.)

Then we can hit the showers.

(Short pause.)

One at a time. In separate areas of the house. As befits a bachelor and his young ward...ess.

NINA: Boy Howdy!

DERMOTT: And with the speed of a dozen eagles, Mrs. Amazing grabbed the Courageous Couple and soared into the sky!

(Cynthia makes a whooshing sound.)

In no time at all, they were back at White Weevil's secret headquarters, the Weevildrome!

CHARLES: I'm afraid I'm going to need to blindfold you before we go any further, Mrs. Amazing. No one must know of the Weevildrome's secret location.

(Cynthia makes the sound of a rope tightening.)

(Charles looks at her.)

MONICA: Of course, Masked Myrmidon. I keep myself masked as well so that you might never know my true identity as a mild-mannered housewife.

CHARLES: *(Not on script:)* Yeah, you're really fooling people with that act.

MONICA: Of course, my husband doesn't really know how amazing I am.

CHARLES: You keep it well hidden, lady.

NINA: The White Weevil blindfolded me the first time I came to his secret lair too! Boy Howdy I was scared!

CHARLES: You handled it like a champ, lass.

DERMOTT: Unbeknownst to the Cowled Cavalier, Mrs. Amazing's x-ray vision permitted her to see through the blindfold.

CHARLES: *(Off-script:)* You have x-ray vision?

MONICA: So what?

CHARLES: (*Off-script:*) You have x-ray vision and heat laser vision and super breath, and you can fly and have incredible strength?

MONICA: (*Off-script, not in the microphone:*) What's the matter? Feeling inferior?

DERMOTT: (*While this is going on:*) The White Weevil pressed the beak of a nearby parrot—

(Cynthia makes a parrot sound.)

And a monstrous boulder rolled away from the wall as easily as a softball!

(Cynthia makes a boulder rolling sound.)

(Cynthia makes lots of weevil sounds.)

CHARLES: Now I can remove your blindfold.

MONICA: Oh. White Weevil. This is impressive. Your lair is so large.

CHARLES: It is indeed.

NINA: I thought the same thing when I first saw it! Boy Howdy!

MONICA: (*Off-script:*) Eh. I've seen larger.*

*(*If you have to, you can cut this line.)*

CHARLES: I appreciate your admiration, but the denizens of the criminal underworld will not rest. Ladybug Lass, check the Weevil Monitor for crises!

NINA: You got it, sir!

CHARLES: She's a good one.

MONICA: I can see that. Tell me about your parents.

(Charles looks in horror at the script.)

CHARLES: I was orphaned. It's too painful to talk about.

MONICA: Yes. It's lonely being a superpowered crimefighter.

CHARLES: (*Off-script:*) I wouldn't know. I don't have superpowers. I'm realistic.

MONICA: Yes, sometimes as I fly through the night sky I think about all the little people down there. Going about their ordinary American lives. Thinking about their loved ones. Little do they know that I'm above them. So far above them. And yet some men think that women can't do the same jobs men do.

CHARLES: (*Reading from the script, but hating it:*) Yes, it is ludicrous that some men feel that women are inferior. Women should be paid the same amount of money as men, even if they're only writing scripts for radio dramas.

DERMOTT: And at that very moment!

CYNTHIA: Beep Beep Beep Beep!

NINA: White Weevil! I've found something!

DERMOTT: We go now to the steamy jungle headquarters of the latest Nazi plot! Deep in the Amazonian rainforest.

(Cynthia makes as many rainforest sounds as she can.)

CYNTHIA: Ca-CAW! Ah ah ah ah! Woo-ooh! Woo-oh! Eee Eee Eee Eee!

DERMOTT: An expedition of villainous German explorers is about to discover —

CYNTHIA: Eee ya! Eee ya! Coo CAW! Coo—CAW! Rooooarrrrr! Ayaiiii!

DERMOTT: About to discover the lost treasure —

CYNTHIA: Ya ya ya ya! Ee Oo! Ee Oo!

DERMOTT: In a particularly *silent* part of the jungle, they

were about to discover the lost treasure of the Incas!

LUKE: I haff found it! I, Olaf the Inscrutable, will now deliver the Crown of Power to our leaders. Our victory will be complete!

TARA: Ja, Herr Doctor.

LUKE: Now ve laugh! Moo ah ha ha ha!

TARA: Ha ha ha ha ha!

CYNTHIA: Ca-CAW! Ca-CAW!

DERMOTT: What is this new fiendish plot? Can our heroes stop it in time? Will the might of the White Weevil be enough? Stay tuned for our latest episode, the Devilish Device of the Deadly Doctor! Brought to you by the fine people at Post Food Product.

(Theme music.)

NINA & LONNA: WHITE WEEVIL

HE'S FAST AS A WEASEL AND SHARP AS A NEEDLE

HE'S THE WHITE WEEVIL

DERMOTT: Join us now for the adventures of that pugnacious paladin of purity, the White Weevil. Joined by Ladybug Lass, who is in many ways very similar to Junebug Boy, and our newest heroine, the ferociously feminine Mrs. Amazing. Don't get any ideas boys, she's married. We join them now in the Weevildrome.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!